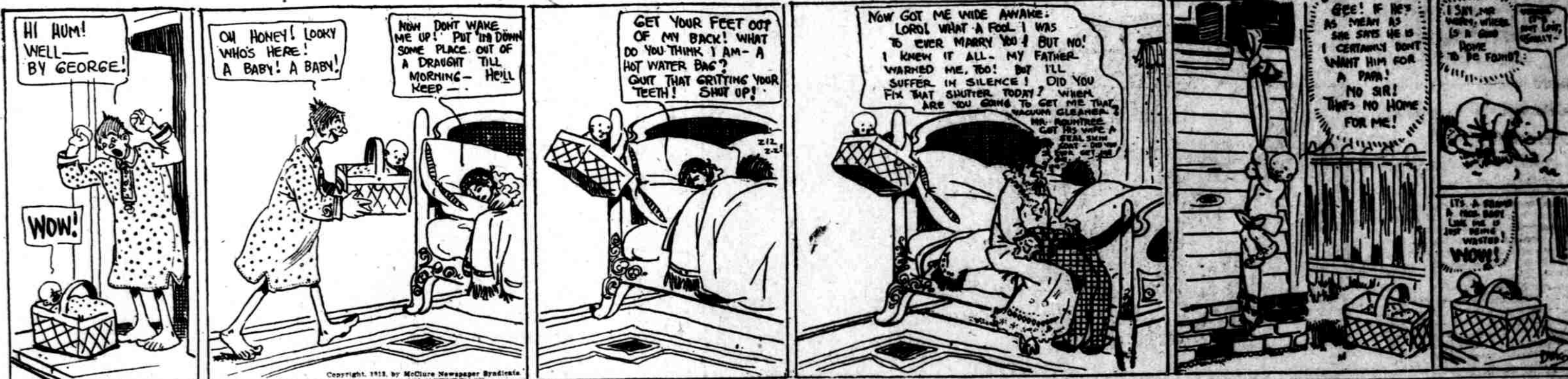


HERE'S A BRAND NEW FUNNY PICTURE SERIES

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SOCIETY CHRONICLES

SANDMAN STORIES

JULIA MURDOCK'S GOSSIP

Miss Taft Returns to the Capital From Week-End Stay At Annapolis

President and Mrs. Taft Return Tomorrow From Visit to Philadelphia and New York.

MISS HELEN TAFT returned to Washington this morning from Annapolis, where she spent the week-end with the Superintendent of the Naval Academy and Mrs. Gibbons.

The President and Mrs. Taft will arrive in Washington tomorrow from a visit of several days in Philadelphia and New York.

Miss Esther Foote, debutante daughter of Col. Stephen M. Foote, U. S. A., and Mrs. Foote, will go to Baltimore on February 3 to attend the last Monday german of the season. She will be the guest of Mrs. von Knobloch.

Congressman James M. Gudge, Jr., of North Carolina, and their son-in-law and daughter, Congressman John W. Langley of Kentucky and Mrs. Langley, will entertain at a large reception this evening from 8 until 11 o'clock at the Congressional Club. Assisting them in receiving their guests will be their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hollings, Miss Oates, and Miss Arvongasp, of Asheville; and Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Langley, of Washington; Congressman and Mrs. Hughes of West Virginia, and Paymaster Gudge, U. S. N.

Mrs. Robert M. Thompson has sent out cards for a tea at the Washington Riding Club immediately after the close of the children's drill and the presentation of the prize to the winner on Saturday afternoon, from 4 until 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Arthur Middleton, wife of Assistant Paymaster Arthur Middleton, U. S. N., leaves San Diego, Cal., today en route to Washington. Mrs. Middleton will spend several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Marshall, 216 E street.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer will give the second of their Monday receptions tonight. These events are by card, but rather official in their nature, and they will have a brilliant company of visitors.

Miss Esther Cleveland, the guest of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, has returned from Annapolis, where she went on Friday to be the guest of Commander and Mrs. Gibbons, Senator and Mrs. Hoke Smith will give a dinner and theater party in honor of Miss Cleveland tomorrow night.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith Berry and their little daughter, have been spending several weeks in Washington with Mrs. Berry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Knox, left Washington yesterday for their home near Nashville, Tenn.

Officers to Be Chosen By Retail Merchants

The annual meeting of the Retail Merchants' Association will be held in the Chamber of Commerce Thursday night. At this meeting the board of governors of the association will be chosen, and this board will select the officers of the association.

According to the by-laws of the organization, the board of governors shall be made up of one representative from each trade body in the association. The recent list of the board of governors along this plan that the governors now in office are likely to be continued through the coming year, with few, if any, changes. Present officers of the association will be re-elected unless unexpected opposition develops.

Says 25 Is Just Right Age to Take a Wife

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 20.—Prof. Dallas Lore Sharp, of the department of English at Boston University, is going to twenty-five years as the ideal age at which men should marry. He says at twenty and thirty. There is nothing particularly God-fearing or discreet or reverent about thirty, says Dr. Sharp. Thirty is the third age. Forty is the dangerous age. Twenty is the silly, milky, tawney age, when a boy is still likely to be crony and to need a mother and his mother.



MISS NINA VAN ARSDALE.

Miss Nina Van Arsdale, niece of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Knox, will leave Washington next Sunday for a trip around the world.

Dates for At Homes.

Mrs. Hughes, wife of Mr. Justice Hughes, will not receive today.

Mrs. McKenna, wife of Mr. Justice McKenna, will not receive this afternoon.

Mrs. William A. Jones and Miss Ann Seymour Jones will be at home tomorrow afternoon at 1206 Q street, from 4 until 7 o'clock.

Mrs. William P. Biddle will not receive today.

Mrs. James M. Gudge, Jr., and daughter, Mrs. John W. Langley, of Kentucky, will be at home on Tuesday, January 22, at the Burlington, when Mrs. Thomas Hollings, of Asheville, will be with them.

Mrs. F. P. Howard and daughter, Miss Nellie Howard, will receive tomorrow at 217 N street.

Mrs. Arthur B. House, wife of Congressman House, of Kentucky, will receive at the Champlain from 4 until 6 o'clock tomorrow, assisted by her sister, Miss Anna Kelly, of Cincinnati, who is spending the season with her.

The Congressional ladies at the Hotel Dewey will not receive tomorrow, but will be at home January 23 from 2 until 5 o'clock.

Mrs. David E. Finley and Miss Frances G. Finley will be at home at the Rochambeau tomorrow and again next Tuesday, for the last time this season.

Mrs. A. H. Baldwin will be at home the remaining Tuesdays in January at the Cecil.

Mrs. Ten Eyck Wendell did not receive Saturday afternoon, but will be at home the last two Fridays in February, upon her return from New York.

Mrs. E. A. Hayes, wife of Congressman Hayes of California, will receive tomorrow at 211 Bancroft place, assisted by Mrs. Pray, of Montana, and Mrs. Hayes' niece, Miss Ruth Wooster, of Kansas, who is spending the season with her.

Countess de Chambrun Entertaining Her Mother, Mrs. Longforth, of Cincinnati.

The French Military Attache and Countess de Chambrun were joined at their home this morning by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, mother of the countess. Mrs. Longworth will remain for three weeks or more, and among the several things planned in her honor by Countess de Chambrun, is a luncheon on Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry F. Dimock has as a house guest, Mrs. Frederick F. Thompson, and Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, of New York, for whom she will entertain at luncheon on Wednesday. Mrs. Thompson will remain for a week, but Mrs. Dodge will return to New York the middle of this week.

The counselor of the German embassy and Madame Haniel von Hanielhausen, who occupy the spacious house in H street which was formerly the Belgian legation, will give a dance on Friday.

The French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand have returned to the embassy from a short visit in New York.

The Japanese Ambassador returned to Washington from New York this morning, after a visit there of several days. The ambassador entertained a large dinner party in New York on Saturday night.

Personal Mention.

Miss Emily T. Rider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett P. Rider, will be married to Albert G. Prescott, of Boston, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at the home of her parents, 916 Ninth street southwest, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Epiphany Chapel, officiating.

Mrs. Leon Ullman will be matron of honor and Miss Mildred Rider, cousin of the bride, and Miss Dorothy Rider, sister of the bride, will be the bridesmaids.

Harold Prescott, of Boston, will be his brother's best man.

A large reception will follow the wedding ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. Prescott and his bride will leave for a wedding trip. They will reside in Boston, after March 1.

Mrs. Leon Ullman will be hostess at a card party, at 1845 Wyoming avenue, tomorrow afternoon in compliment to Miss Emily Rider, whose marriage to Albert G. Prescott will take place Thursday evening.

Mrs. Blanche Robinson and Miss Lou Miller, of Baltimore, spent the week-end in Washington with Mrs. A. M. McLaughlin, of 443 Irving street.

Miss Marie Morawitz, of Versailles, Ky., and Miss Jane Bell, of Lexington, Ky., are the guests of Miss Lulu Lillard.

Miss Ruth Jonas, who has been spending the past month in Washington with her sister, Mrs. Meyer Fehnelner, left Washington today for Rochester, N. Y., to visit Miss Gladys Block before returning to her home in Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Hettie Abrams, of Farm School, Pa., is spending a few days in Washington with Mrs. A. T. Smith, of Clifton street.

Miss Hortense Morris, who has been spending several weeks in New York with her aunt, Mrs. M. Sidelson, has returned to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Oppenheimer have returned to Washington after spending a short time in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Leonard Weinberg, of Baltimore, spent a few days in Washington with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Lansburgh.

Mrs. Lee Kerzberg, of Baltimore, is visiting relatives in Washington.

Miss Celeste Goodman, of the Sterling, entertained a few friends yesterday in compliment to Mrs. Henry Strauss, of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fischer, of Connecticut, arrived in Washington today for Cincinnati to attend the Union American Conference. Before returning home they will visit relatives in Chicago.

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

MAKE-BELIEVE LAND.

DID you ever play at Make-Believe Land? Well, I will tell you how a little boy and girl made all their work easy by playing that all the work they had to do was pleasant and very different from what it really was. They called it living in Make-Believe Land.

Hans and Freda lived in a country where it was very cold in the winter so that they had to work hard in the summer and spring to get fuel to keep them warm when the cold days should come and food to keep the wolf from the door. Not a real wolf, you know, but hunger that is called the wolf by some people.

"You must go into the forest today and gather sticks," said their mother; "the winds blew hard last night and the ground will be covered with branches. Go and bring back a big bundle."

"We'll play today that we are the children of a King," said Hans; "all that all the sticks are gold." It was easy for Freda to see the same things her brother saw, for they had lived a long time in Make-Believe Land. They picked up the golden sticks and soon they had two big bundles, but they were not satisfied. "We should take more of this gold," said Hans, "and not leave it here. It will turn to stick of wood when we leave it. So they worked until it was dark and had six bundles to carry home."

"We cannot carry all this at once," said Freda, "if we leave it here it will turn into sticks." "We can make believe we are carrying feathers," said Hans, "it will not seem as heavy as gold and then we each can carry two bundles. Tomorrow we can come back for the others and I am sure they will still be gold."

"You must dig in the garden today," said the mother; "get out the weeds and make the soil rich for the vegetables."

"Let us play we are at the seashore and this is sand," said Freda. "It will not seem so hard, and the weeds we can make believe were fish, and must be thrown back into the ocean." They worked all day and were not willing to stop until they had all the garden as it should be.

When the winter came and it was cold at night they tucked the bed in their breakfast, but Freda said: "We are now riding in a big sleigh and the blanket is a rich fur robe that will make us feel warmer, and anyway if we were out in a sleigh we would not mind being a little cold."

One morning there was very little for their breakfast, but Freda said: "We can make believe that this mush had nice rich cream on it, and it will taste better and my bowl is gold with silver flowers on it; what has yours, brother?"

"O, mine is crystal with little silver flowers on it, and I am eating a nice



THEY WORKED UNTIL THEY HAD SIX BUNDLES TO CARRY HOME.

hot pudding with rice sauce," replied Hans.

The door shook and the children thought it was the wind, but it opened and a tiny little creature dressed in white fur.

"The children jumped up from the table but she motioned them to be seated again."

"Go on with your nice breakfast you are eating from the golden and crystal bowls," she told them.

Hans and Freda hung their heads; they were ashamed to have been caught playing at make-believe, but when they looked at their bowls they found them just as they had made believe they were—gold and silver.

"Yes," said the fairy, nodding her head toward the bowls, "and if you look into them you will find the breakfast you made believe you had also."

"Now, how does this room look to you?" she asked Freda.

"O, it is full of sunlight and there is a big fire burning in the grate and nice big chairs and a table and a lamp and books on the table," said Freda.

"Look," said the fairy, waving her wand.

And there was the room just as Freda had described it.

"Now you must fill the barn with food for a cow and a horse and there must be a cow and horse to eat it," said the fairy.

"I have often done that," said Hans. "Yes, I know you have," said the fairy, "and that is the reason you have them now if you look on the bright side of life and make up your mind to have things as you wish them to be you will surely have them in the end, keep on living in your make-believe land and you will always be happy and in the end it will come true. This life is just what you make it; you can eat from a wooden bowl or from a gold one just as you see fit, and Make-believe Land is the land of all of us should live in some of the time."

"I knew it would all come true, some time," said Hans, as the fairy went out the door. "If we only made-believe hard enough."

Tomorrow: "How Alice Succeeded."

FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

What Is Seen in The Shops

Winter suits are reduced at almost every shop in the city, so that none of the prices seem unusual, but a careful survey of all of the stocks shows that some present better value than others.

The \$15.00 suits at the woman's store on F street, two doors too heavy for this season, are excellent, and not too heavy for the year. Coats at this same establishment are \$15, and are of imported chinchilla and novelty cloths in all colors and the latest styles.

Children's and dressers of oak, with French beveled plate mirrors are to be had at the housefurnishing store at the corner of Seventh and D streets for \$15.00. They are a rich shade and can be easily matched, the color being particularly harmonious with brass or any shade of gold.

Nothing is more serviceable for steady wear than serge made into a one-piece costume. The white serge is suitable for many afternoon functions and is very dressy looking. Navy and brown are more serviceable, but when well tailored, look chic and attractive. On G street between Eleventh and Twelfth, on the north side, there is a woman's furnishing store which is selling serge one-piece dresses in the colors mentioned for \$15.00. Charmeuse tailored

Chauncey Olcott Tells Julia Murdock He Would Live With Peasants

Brother and His Wife Are Keenly Interested in Traditions of Rural People.

"D O you think," says I to Mrs. Olcott, "that you could get him to sing 'My Wild Irish Rose'?"

"Do you think," says she to me, "that you could keep him from it?" If I had one wish I'd ask to be in the wishing chair in Erin's green isle. Then I'd press my palms flat on the broad stone arms and wish for the power to translate Chauncey Olcott into type, preserving, with the help of the saints, all the blitheness and blarney of that sweet singer. Then I'd wish a postscript to let in all the fays and fairies and enough devils and badness to melt the atmosphere, enough roses to sweeten it, and enough music to set it a-singing.

After trailing him through a day that had "no warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease," and all the other "nos" that belong to March, and carelessly got into January, I found him eating dinner with the original "wild rose," as joyous as a lark and as hungry as a bear. "Life has its compensations," remarked the singer with a smile. "The other night I peeked through the curtain before the performance began and I saw a sight that gladdened my heart. The flat two rows were full of old ladies looking as expectant as children at a circus. Proud? I should say I was!

Olcott Enjoys Playing To Older Women.

"Mother was with me for so many years," he added, with a wicked gleam in his big, honest blue eyes, "that I got quite accustomed to being appreciated, but there is a great responsibility attached to it. Every time mother got to pling on my halo I'd say to her: 'Easy, mother, easy. It's too much of a load to carry. And if I ever had a fall the things would crush me to death.'"

"Mrs. Olcott and I have a confidential scheme now," he said, confidentially. "We're going to Ireland and settle down in one of the small villages with the peasants. We're going to be one of them. Of course, one is right, light of my life; aren't we married? We'll wear the cheap, common clothes they wear of our lives. Nobody will have the slightest idea who we are or anything about us, and when we come back we'll know the quaint folklore that never travels except from mind to mind."

"From heart to heart," said Mrs. Olcott, cautiously as though the villagers might hear them conspiring. "On the way to our little thatched cottage," continued Mr. Olcott, "we'll take just a little rest in the wishing chair. I sat there once and wished to be happy and successful. My wish came true."

Two hands immediately went under the table and produced some choice, mystic knocks.

Knock a Spirit On The Head and He Dies.

"Ah, ha," I said, "you know the superstition: 'Knock a spirit on the head, he dies. Tickle his toes and he lives a hundred years.'"

"Who said that?" questioned Mr. Olcott quickly.

"Put in the mouth of an Irishman and fling it in to the interview."

"Did you kiss the Barney Stone?" I ventured to ask.

"I did not," replied the gentleman promptly. "Nor do I intend to until they take me down in an electric elevator. Fancy hanging over the edge of a precipice 100 feet deep and leaning across as if you felt you were on the rack, to kiss a stone! Nobody but a blithering idiot would do such a thing."

"I hope to see the good little people in Ireland when we live with the peasants," whispered Mrs. Olcott, while her husband was forgetting the Barney stone. I confessed my ignorance.

"Don't you know the good little people?" said Mr. Olcott in surprise. "You simply must. You know they came to Ireland in this way."

I hope I have the story right. At



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

least this is as Mr. Olcott told it, to the best of my memory.

"Once upon a time St. Michael and Lucifer got into a quarrel in heaven. King Brian Boru and a lot of angels were sitting over on the edge of a cloud listening to the dispute. They knew St. Michael was right, but they never said a word. When it was over and Lucifer had been banished to purgatory, St. Michael said to them: 'Didn't you know I was right?'

"We did," says they. "And you sat there and knew I was right and didn't say so?"

"We didn't want to get mixed up in anything," says they, "until we knew how it was coming out."

"Just for that," says St. Michael, "you're going to get what's coming

Actor Likes to Play to Audience Which Contains Women With Gray Hair.

to you. You know where Lucifer went. You're going to a worse place. 'Down to earth with you! But on second thought I'll send you to the most beautiful spot there—get off at Ireland. 'And these good little people still inhabit the Emerald Isle. They can star out nights until the cock crows. Then if they get caught, they bribe some one to hide them during the day and pay them back in good deeds. 'Do you know,' I said to Mr. Olcott, 'the more I talk with you the more sorry I am that I never heard you sing.'"

"Can you beat that?" he gasped in astonishment. Then putting himself together he said in tones that should have been dignified: "The interview is ended."

"Oh, no," I implored earnestly, "you know they aren't allowed to sell standing room."

"Weren't you a bit scared," he questioned, "when you hung over that precipice?"

"Tell me the words of 'My Wild Irish Rose,'" I said to him, and I'll go."

Then He Sang

"My Wild Irish Rose."

He tried to repeat them. Mrs. Olcott tried. And patiently I waited. Suddenly his face was aglow with pleasure. "I've got it," he cried gaily. "It goes like this—I'll sing it for you."

And in the soft light of the candles, Chauncey Olcott sang in low, sweet tones:

"My Wild Irish Rose, The sweetest flower that grows, You may search everywhere But none can compare With my Wild Irish rose. The sweetest flower that grows, And some day, for my sake, She may let me take The bloom from my Wild Irish rose."

Kaiser's Son Knew Student.

BERLIN, Jan. 20.—Emulating his imperial father's example, the Crown Prince of Germany has taken up the study of Oriental archeology and has become an enthusiast.



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